

# Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., AUG. 3, 1889.

## Her Rival's Valentine.

But the poison was her friend in this dire extremity. Its death-dealing power came into full action just in time, and with a groan Vida loosened her grasp, rolled over, and lay still.

Horror-stricken, but still with sufficient control of herself not to make any great disturbance, Phoebe rose up and staggered from the room.

Reaching the head of the stairs she saw that Ruth and her friends had just left the hall, but the inspector was just entering the door.

She glided down, and ere he could ask for Mr. Moore, laid a hand upon his arm.

"Come upstairs," she said, "I have something to tell you."

She took him up and showed him the dead Vida, and told him all she knew. He listened like a man to whom a long-sought secret is being revealed.

"Do not disturb the family," he said when she finished, "but go and quietly bring Mr. Moore to me."

Ruth's peace was not disturbed that night. They told her that Vida was not well, and would keep her room, and when the morning came Mrs. Moore took her to Briarwood, accompanied by Basil and Mr. Brandreth.

They led her to believe at first that a dangerous illness had come upon Vida, and after a few days that she was dead. Then little by little the whole of the sad truth was told. Much of it was known to Basil ere he returned.

Vida was buried quietly, and the world learnt little of her sins. The sagacious inspector saw that no good could come to him by making any fuss about the affair, and Mr. Moore amply compensated him for any loss he could possibly have sustained.

"Let her sins be forgotten," the uncle said, and in sober truth they were soon laid aside, and thought of as little as possible.

But all could never be quite forgotten, and one evening some seven years later, when Basil Brandreth—"Handsome Brandreth" he was called—was sitting by a window at Briarwood with his loving wife, he called up the past for a few moments.

"I have been thinking, Ruth," he said, "that Vida must have been mad, after all."

"I do not think so," she answered.

"It is the more merciful thought, dear Ruth."

"Perhaps so, Basil, but I can look the truth in the face. She loved you, and you passed her by. It made a bad woman of her, and I am not sure that if I had been in her place that I should have been much better."

"Ruth!"

"Love is strong, Basil, and leads us to good or evil," she said. "It bore Vida to a grave, but you and me it has carried into a very happy land. Let us think of her kindly."

"So be it," he said, and putting his arms about her, kissed her with all the love and tenderness she had known in their days of wooing.

A word about Kenard. He did not come back on St. Valentine's Day, and when the news of Vida's death was telegraphed to him, he decided to remain abroad. How much or how little he felt was never known. When at last he did come back he was heart-whole. In due time he chose a fitting maiden for a bride, and is now a happy man. The shadow of Vida rests lightly on Gordonfells.

THE END.

## ELSIE'S VIOLETS.

"Flower! Who'll buy my flowers?" This was the timid cry of a little girl of about ten years of age, who, with a basket of fragrant violets, was wandering up and down the streets of a large city in America. She was a pretty sight, with her large black eyes and shining curls, and her poor but neat dress.

"I do wish somebody would buy my flowers; mamma will wonder why I am away so long. Oh, here comes a sailor man, perhaps he will buy some." And gathering up all her courage, she went up to him and said, "Don't you want to buy some flowers, sir?" Doubtless the sailor's bright, cheery face had attracted the little one.

"Yes, my little girl; I'll take some of your violets."

While she was choosing the bunches he said:

"What is your name, little girl? You seem to be very young to be in the streets alone."

"My name is Elsie Graham. Mamma is sick, so I coaxed her to let me pick some of our violets, and sell them, so as to make some money."

"Well, said the sailor, "you are a very good little girl to try and help your mother along, and to help you, I will take the rest of your flowers."

"Oh, thank you, sir; but I must hurry home, mamma will be worried. Good-bye, sailor-man."

"Good-bye, my little dearie. God bless the pretty little thing. She reminds me of my own little daughter, I left at home twenty years ago. God knows where she is now."

"Oh! mamma, look at all the money I've got!" With this exclamation Elsie, our little flower girl bounded into the room where her mother was lying.

"Oh, Elsie, darling, are you back safe? I have been so worried for fear something would happen to me or you."

"Yes, mamma, safe and sound, with

a pocketful of money, and lots of good things," said Elsie, putting her basket down and kissing her mother.

"Just see, mamma, one dollar and fifty cents, beside the good things in the basket," said she, holding out the money for her mother to see. "A nice sailor-man bought all I had left, just as it was getting so dark. I knew I must come home, and I wanted to sell them all so much. Now, mamma, lie still and rest, and I'll soon have a good supper ready for you."

After they had partaken of their simple evening meal, Elsie said, "Mamma, if you are not too tired, will you tell me all about my sailor grandpa?"

"Well, my dear, when I was a little girl, I lived in a village on the coast of England, and my father used to go away on long voyages. When I was about ten years old, he went away on a trip from which he would not return in two years. My dear mother dreaded to have him go—she knew the dangers of the sea and feared he might never come home again. The evening he bade us good-bye, I picked him some of our violets, he put them in his buttonhole, and said he would keep them always to remember his little Elsie. My mother and I stood at the door, and watched him until he was out of sight; then she took me in her arms and wept the whole night. That was the last time we ever saw him. Ten years passed, and we had received no tidings. But one day a sailor came, and told us that the vessel on which my father had sailed, had been lost at sea, and all on board had perished. After this sad news, mother seemed to pine away, and her one desire was to go away from the cruel sea. I had been married to your father in the meantime, and we took her to the pretty little village of E——. There she died. Soon after you were born, dear, then your father having heard so much of America induced me to come here. When we arrived, we went to one of the large cities. But I had never lived in the city, and I kept pining for the country, so finally having saved enough money, he bought this little home. One of the things which I had brought from our old home in England was some roots of our violets. I planted some in this little garden, and so we have had them ever since. We lived happily enough until the day that your poor father was brought home dead. Only think, just two years ago, Elsie, what should I have done without my little sunbeam during that dark time? But for you, I would have been willing to die. Only for your sake, I must live and struggle on, as best I can. Oh, my darling, it almost breaks my heart to think that you must go in the streets and earn a living, while I lie here, helpless." Overcome with feelings which she could not control, the sick woman's form shook with sobs.

Little Elsie tried to comfort her mother, saying: "Oh, mamma dear, don't cry, you have your little Elsie, and this nice house and garden."

"Yes, my pet, but how long shall we be able to keep it? If I don't get well, we will be obliged to move to the city, where I may find employment."

The next morning little Elsie was up betimes gathering and arranging her slender stock of flowers. After making her mother comfortable, she started out with her basket on her arm. Either people were in a hurry this morning, or they did not care for flowers, for our little flower girl walked around until afternoon, and succeeded in finding but a few purchasers. Just as she was about to give up in despair, and go home, she spied her sailor acquaintance on the opposite corner, and she hurried across to speak to him. "Hello, my hearty," said the old sailor, "here you are again, bless your pretty face! But your load seems to be rather heavy today. I'll take some of your flowers, to lighten it a bit."

"Oh, thank you, sir; but I'd rather you wouldn't because—because, you might think that I only spoke to you so that you would buy some of my flowers. I was so glad to see you again that I couldn't help but speak."

"Ah! my little maiden, I am right glad that you like the old sailor. Would you mind if I walked home with you? I should like to see the garden where those pretty violets grow."

"Oh, I should like it ever so much, sir."

The two trudged along, the old man beguiling the time by telling her stories of sailor life.

"But now tell me something about yourself, little one."

"Well, sir, papa is dead, he was a carpenter, and one day he fell from a big ladder, and then he was brought home dead. Mamma has not been well since. Before papa died we moved into this nice little cottage where we live now. Mamma does not like it as well as I do, because when she was a little girl like me, she used to live by the sea, and she always likes to be near it. Mamma's father was a sailor, I guess that was the reason why I like you so much."

"Where did your mother live, when she was small?" "I think it was in C——, sir, in England." "In C——?" said the old man, starting back in surprise. "If it should be, if it only could be, my daughter?"—"Here is where I live, sir," said Elsie, as they reached a little, old-fashioned cottage, standing in the center of a large garden.

In front of the house were beds of lovely English violets, which gave forth a most delightful odor. Behind the house were a large number of fruit trees, now in full blossom. As soon as Elsie opened the door, sailor Ben's eyes fell on a picture hanging on the wall; he recognized it as one which had been taken of his wife in the happy days when they lived in England.

When the door opened, and Elsie's mother came into the room, he tried to rise, but could not. She looked at the sailor for some time, without saying a word; but after long and earnest gazing at his face, she cried: "Father, oh father, have you come back to me at last?" "Yes, my daughter, come home never to leave you again," said the old man, with tears running down his cheeks.

"Now, mamma, you will get well, won't you?" And in her excitement little Elsie ran from her mother to her grandfather, saying, "Oh! I am so happy! But dear me, I have forgotten that you and grandfather must want your tea, so I must get it ready."

"What do you make the tea?" said her newly-found grandfather. "Yes, indeed, she is quite a little housekeeper," said her mother fondly. They sat up until a late hour, talking about the past.

"How was it, father, that they brought back the report that you were lost?" "Well, my dear, you know the ship was wrecked, and all of our crew, except one sailor and myself, perished. We managed to swim to an island, and stayed there until we were picked up by a vessel bound for Africa. When we landed there, one day my companion and I were lost in the jungle. We were taken captives by some African tribes, and held as prisoners for quite a while, but finally we succeeded in making our escape. When we reached the sea coast, we found employment on board of a vessel bound for England. Old Tim Lockhart and I must have been the only survivors of the wreck, and the vessel returning from Africa, must have brought the tidings that finally reached you. I arrived at home to find it occupied by strangers. No one seemed to know anything about you, except that you had married, and that you had all gone away together. I left the place wholly disheartened. Jim was made first mate and I captain of a ship bound for this city, and I was just going round to see the sights when I happened to spy little Elsie. I noticed her pretty violets, and they reminded me of those which grew in our garden, and of which your mother was so fond. Elsie reminded me of you when you were her age. I came this afternoon to have a chat with 'my little flower-girl,' as I called her, not daring to hope that I might find my daughter again."

"Oh father, to think that the very trial which I thought so hard to bear, has brought you back to me. It was a hard thing for me to let Elsie sell flowers in the street. But there was no help for it, for ever since my husband died, we have been getting poorer and poorer, and sometimes we have been almost without food."

"My dear daughter, you shall not know want any more, if God is willing to spare me yet for a few years."

"Oh, mamma, I shall never like any flowers half as well as I do violets, because they brought me my kind old grandpa," said the happy little girl, caressing the old sailor, on whose knee she had been sitting all the while he was talking to her mother. "But, my daughter it is twelve o'clock, and I am afraid our little Elsie will lose all her roses, if she stays up so late. Let us thank our heavenly father that he has brought me safe home again." And kneeling down, the old man poured out his soul in thanksgiving to God.

As soon as Elsie's mother was able to travel, they went back to England in sailor Ben's ship. But old Tim Lockhart—who rejoiced with all his heart at his mate's good fortune—declared himself weary of a sea-faring life, and purchasing Mrs. Graham's neat cottage, with its garden, orchard and fields, settled down there for the remainder of his days, with his household gods around him. The last remembrance the Grahams had of America, was the sight of the ex-sailor in the garb of a truck gardener, his wrinkled face one tangle of tears and smiles as, on the morning of their departure, he leaned over the rail fence, waving them a farewell with his red bandanna and wishing them "God-speed," while he whistled "Nancy Lee," to conceal his feelings. Little Elsie was soon a great favorite with the sailors on board the vessel, who called her the "little violet girl," for she had brought with her several plants of violets, and was seldom without one in her hand, or somewhere about her. When they reached England, they bought back their old homestead. Little Elsie never forgot the good the violets had brought her, and when she grew up and married, she called her little baby girl "Violet."—*Louis Burcheis, in American Agriculturist.*

Fanny—So you are married, Hattie, and have wex!h and all its possibilities? Hattie—Yes, my husband is very rich. Fanny—And you enjoy it all very much? Hattie—Very much, indeed. Fanny—And your husband? Hattie—O, well, you know in this world, dear, we have to take the bitter with the sweet.—*Washington Critic.*

## Nearly Caught.

A minister was walking through a side street not very far from his parsonage, says Mr. Grundy (New York), when he observed a girl on the sidewalk crying. She seemed to be about 12 years of age and the good pastor felt moved to inquire what might be her loss or grief.

"Oh," said the girl, "I have been looking to find a minister who will go to see my mother. She is poor and none of these rich ministers will go to see her."

"I am a minister," said the rector. "Where is your mother?"

He took the child's hand. He went along the street, descended to Third avenue and beyond it, and the child turned into a house, going through a hall. The minister went up one flight of stairs and the girl beckoned him further on. Something he saw or felt or had reflected caused him to pause. He now looked into the child's face again and saw a different light in it from what had appeared on the street. A feeling of fear took possession of him and he said:

"I won't go up there without some person I know to accompany me."

The child turned, and running down a few steps seized him fast and said:

"If you don't give me money I'll have you arrested for following me home."

He saw in a moment the situation he was in—liable to be paraded in every newspaper of the town next day for indulgencies he had never conceived, his motives misconstrued, and his family and congregation scandalized.

At that moment he saw the bright badge of a policeman coming up the hall, and supposed himself to be already in the meshes of the law. But the man spoke to him by name, told him that he had followed him under the belief that he was deceived, and thereupon arrested the girl and her mother, who followed that line of business and kept respectable men spotted, so to speak, so as better to decoy them.

Tourist (in Dakota)—"Did you ever meet Jim Fenlow from Connecticut? I think he came out here." Citizen—"Sorter tall, skinny-lookin' cuss with red hair?" Tourist—"Yes, he was consumptive. When he left Connecticut his life was hanging by a thread." Citizen—"M'h'm, when he left here, pardner, his life was hanging by a rope. He stole a hoss."—*Terre Haute Express.*

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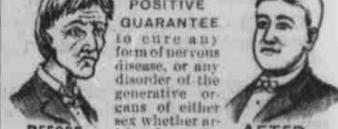
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